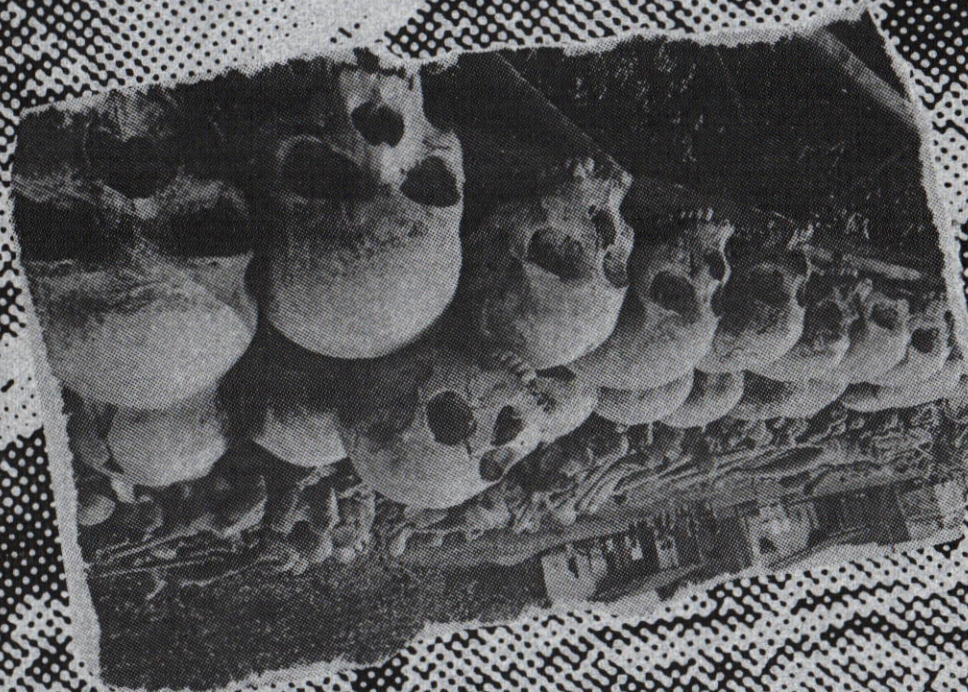


number one



HOURGLASS

out structured



number three and a half



thanks goes
o u t t o
everyone that
helped out
with this issue:

sean ingram, dan
askew, ben weeks,
brandy dearmond,
joe roe, kris holo-
caust, eric macom,
jeremy haynes, tony
hurd, and who ever
else helped me out
with this zine esp.
jamie at office de-
pot, thanks

introduction.

This is Hourglass number one. I used to do Endangered Existence, maybe you liked it, but if not, oh well. My effort is directed for life. If I talk noone lis-tens. So read this. Maybe you'll think this is shit, I don't care, wipe your ass with it. But please read it. If you think it is directed at you, it probably is. If not, fuck it. Too much feeling blocked for too long. Too afraid to speak. You never know when the hourglass will run out. That is the reason for my effort.

HOURLASS
c/o Kurtis(Chin, Sugar, or whatever the
fuck you wanna call me.)
2509 Olympic Ct.
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23456-3717
804x427x6969

Thanks if you helped in any
possible way. Thanks to my
friends(you know who you be)
Sorry you didn't get your
name in the light, but I do
appreciate contributions. I
don't think everyone else
needs to know who you are.
Extra thanks to Justin-Out
Structured for making this
possible.

DAMN YOUR POWER



These are my feelings you're playing with. How can you throw them around like a fucking ball. If this is gonna be the way it goes, then leave me the fuck alone. I don't know how long I can continue to put up with your shit. Fuck you! You don't even care you piece of shit. Another lugey on your fucking face. Now you die. Time to rot in hell.

My Ramblings:

Well thanks for getting yet another out structured issue. Hopefully my new issue, #4 will have interviews with soulstice and Ben from earth crisis. Issue #3 has sold really well, but I wish I could have done some changes, but I'm really sure you want to hear me ramble, but I'm going to anyway. Issue #4 will be out sometime in the summer due to financial problems. I want to thank Kurt a whole lot for thinking of the idea to do this split. I hope you enjoy this as much as I enjoyed putting it together. I'll be moving to Syracuse, not because it's cool to move there, but to go to college, so I won't have o.s. #4 until I move, if you were curious. If anyone wants to distro this zine or any other issue of out structured write for prices and quantaties. I plan to do some side projects, like a spoken word tape, maybe. Your input would be appreciated. I really need picture contributions, so send pictures. I'm looking for pictures of: conviction, bloodlet, earth crisis, unbroken, grip, soulstice, undertow, slayer, and any of the sort. oh well enough of the ramblings, see you next issue.

justin/out structured
p.o. box 403
lee's summit,mo 64063



bloodlet

pic: theunknowngirl

With the knowledge that all life under the sun, moon and stars has the same spirit of life flowing through it's veins, we recognize the equality of, and seek justice for, all living beings-regardless of race, age, or species-and inaccordance with this, live and promote a lifestyle that is ecologically and socially responsible and totally free from the use of all animal products. taken from the vegan reich tape

As I attempt to sew the incision in my heart, I also sew my eyes shut. My eyes are bleeding, and the stench of my own blood tears my stomach to pieces. I no longer want to take part in this fucked up world. I no longer want to play part in any of these games. I am now alone, and it will probably remain this way for the rest of my miserable existence. There is nothing left for me to look forward to. My eyes will remain shut, for there is nothing left to see. The flood of my own blood will end my miserable life. I only wish it was that easy. Please let it end. I beg you! My purpose is dead.

NOW ONLY YOUR BLOOD CAN QUENCH THE THIRST OF MY VENGEANCE!



when you hear these words
you had better mosh hard!

ISSUE 2 OUT NOW WITH -
DIVE, DOGHOUSE, JAKE,
ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND DRUG
FREE THOUGHTS.

82 PRD.
ONLOOK
FANZINE
C/O
AARON DALBE
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CONCEALED MONEY
PLEASE, M.O. TO AARON
DALBE NOT ONLOOK
FANZINE

X onlook x fanzine X

Defender

DEFENDING INNOCENT LIFE

Issue #2 \$1.00

Issue #3 out winter 93/94

127 Harvard Pl.
Syracuse N.Y.
13210

straight-edge isn't about the fashionable "x"s on the hand

I'd raise my head, but my shame condones my
belonging to be on the floor. Myself desire gone.
Now only once more the white sheets of my
dreams uncover the wilted leaves that fell on
my thought box. I reach down to open it and find
it empty as usual.

it's OK not to drink milk

vegan

even with your cookies

it's all about monstertrucks and taking your girlfriend to the rodeo

written by Brandy DeArmond

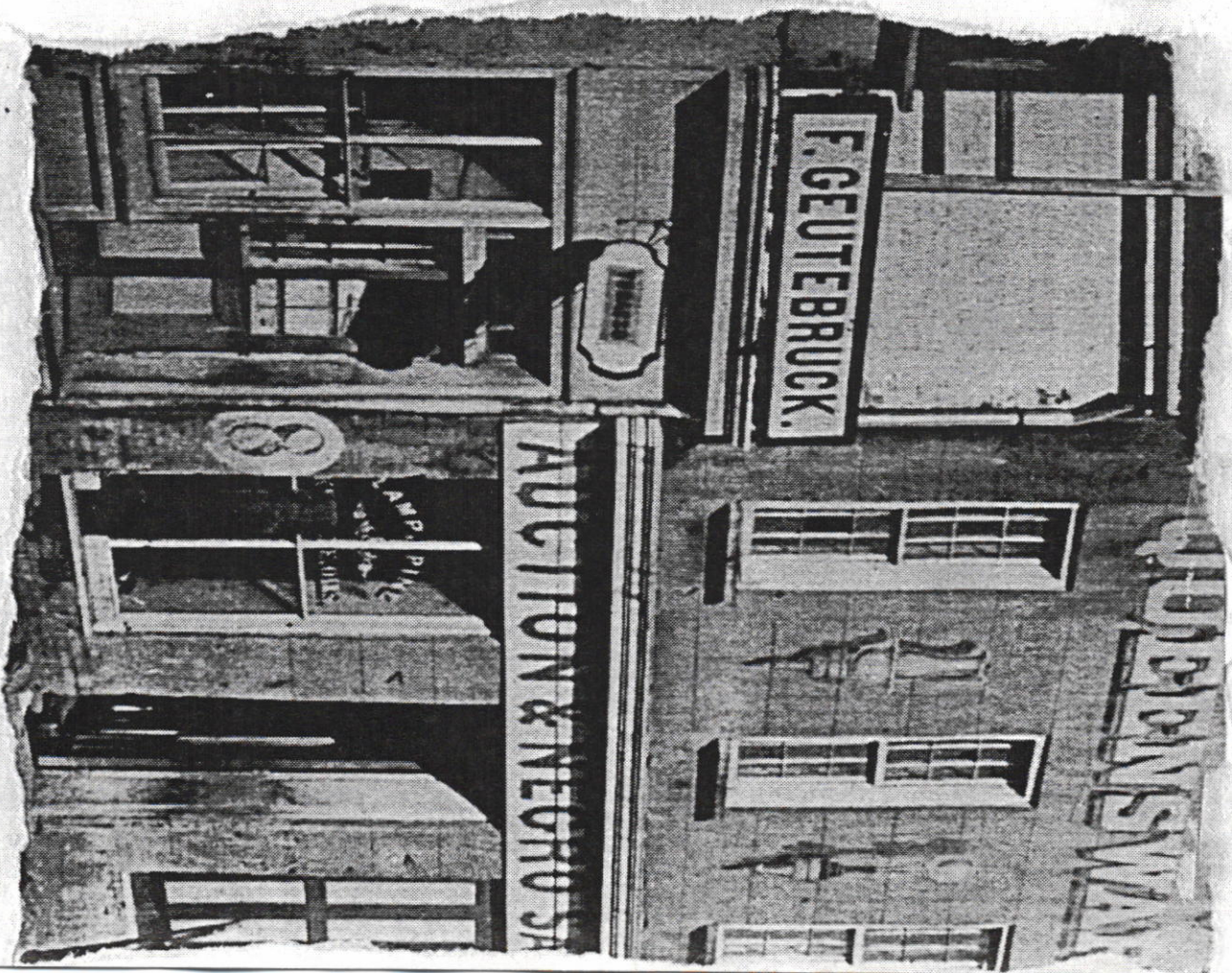


My anger entraps me in the embowlement of my mind. Pure disgust floods as I watch you crumble to nothingness. Hatred is expressed, you become swallowed by the pits of anger. Your salvation is now lost, no hope for return. Your stupidity has taken over your body, ignorance has taken over your mind. Was it worth it? You've fallen into nothing. What is left? A body left sacrificed, but yours is only to gain. Well you lost. How does it feel?



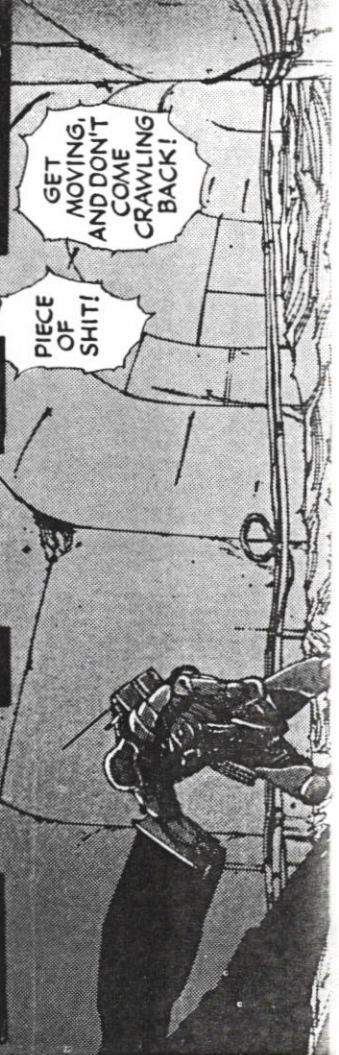
ROSCHEACH

BURN IT DOWN!



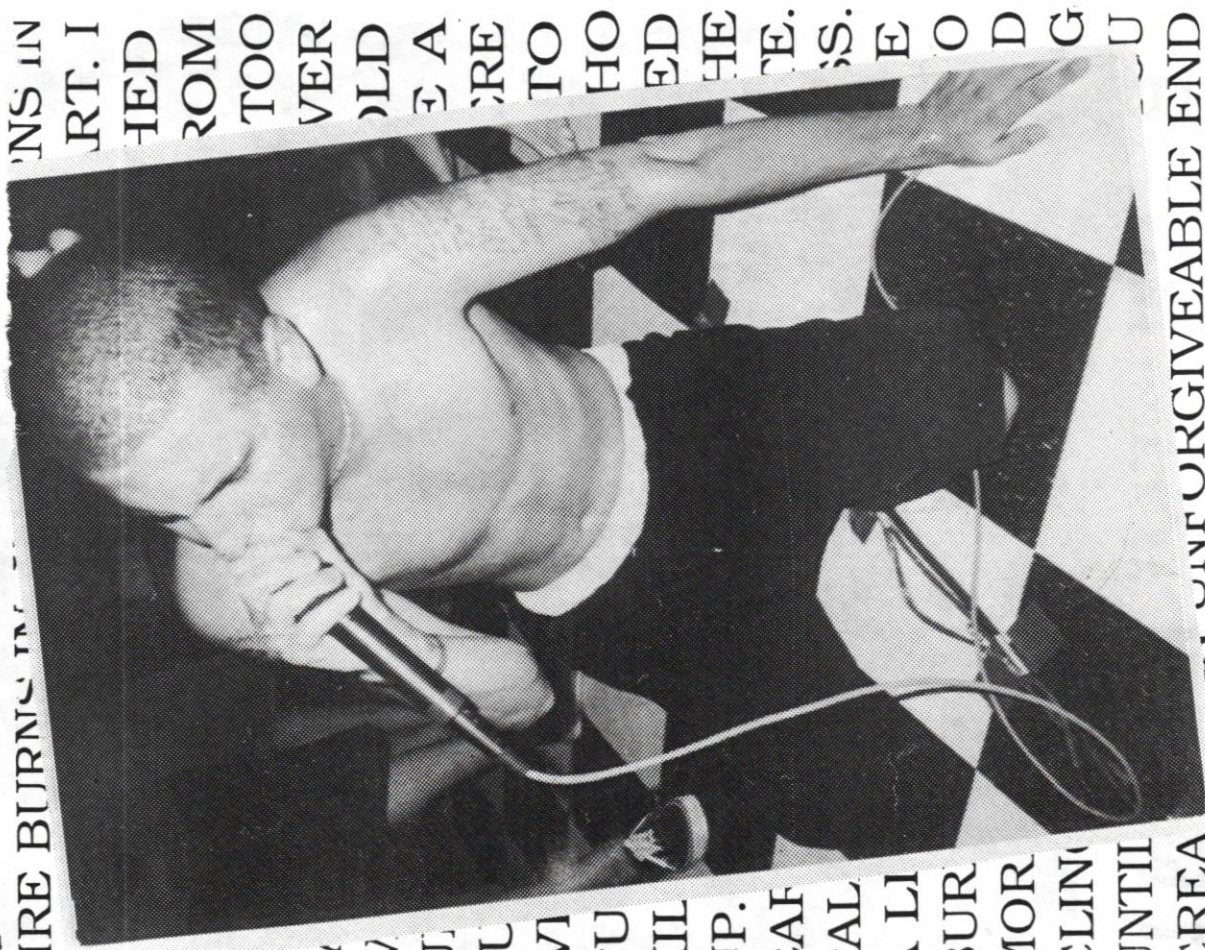
if you care...

for some reason all my struggles and efforts seem to be a waste of my time. time to sit and do nothing but stare into space. i have failed most greatly, but unknowing. all my life i've tried to achieve something that wasn't mine. something that was held in a case that has now been removed from it's case out of my sight because i have failed. i failed to follow footsteps in which i took for granted. on the stepping stones of grief i lay because i have failed. my whole life mimicked out in a patterned web of sorrow that you would cry out at from sympathy. at last an end to a re-birth of myself because of my failure i am welding back into place of my destiny.

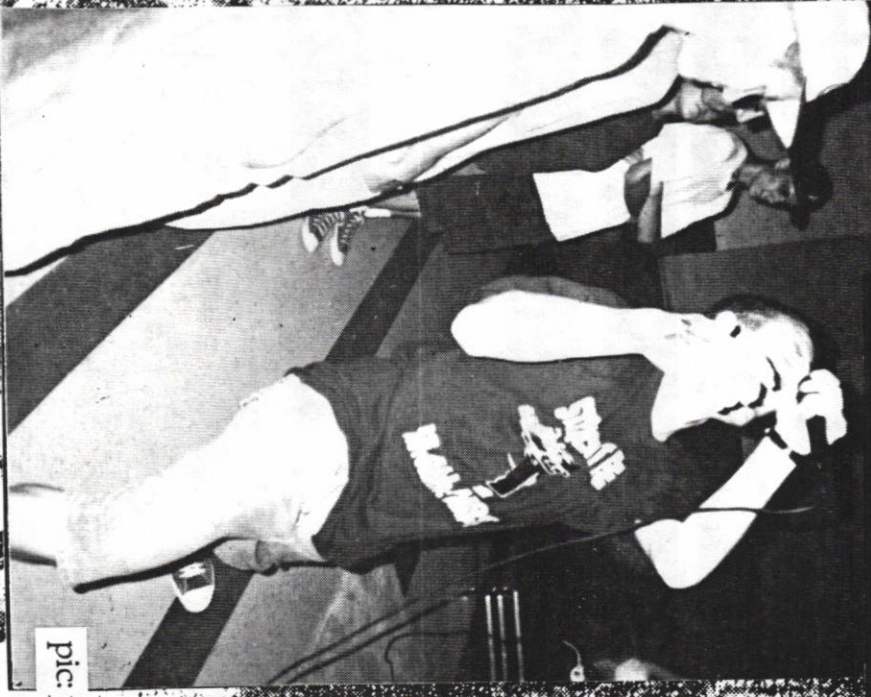


DESURRECTION

FIRE BURNING IN THE
 T C F T F W U F W F U KIL UP. EAF FAL A LI BUR MOR CLIN UNTIL CREA FOR YOURSELF. NOW PAY.



NS IN
 RT. I
 HED
 ROM
 TOO
 VER
 OLD
 E A
 RE TO HO ED HE TE. S. E O D G U



RESTRAIN

NO HESITATIONS
 SELF MORAL REIGNS
 ADRENALINE IS DISCLAIMING SHAME
 ITS OUT OF MY HANDS
 AND ONTO THE STREETS
 REACTIONS PROVOKED BY PANDERING
 ARMAGEDDON LIVED UP TO

pic: jeremy willmoth



pic: kate harris

ARMAGEDDON

i await the day for the demons to be set free

naturistic flowers in wet dew, long days piled with cold nights. a bleeding city in return gets nothing. deteriorating with flesh, ourselves lost in a world with minutes and seconds. calendars map out the years. tears fall from the sky, burning bodies die in the forests of our thoughts. a nights' sky, a daydream followed by consistency for failure. a deluded future follows a path of destruction. never taken for granted the clouds and free space. a roaming naturistic freedom for evolution. the ever so slightly lists of things to do. a shaded walk, a shaded tree top clears thoughts where a gap shows the sun cropped on the ground. a dark wet enchanted past lightens a distant growing future.

espcabus



MAIL...

Here's some real intellectual mail I recieved. Note, if you plan to do the same, and mail me stupid mail, save your paper, I have no time for idiots.

Dear Endangered Existence,

I got a copy of your zine a few days ago. I enjoyed reading the many articles in your zine, and I liked 3/4 of the interviews, overall, you did a pretty good job, but I question your belief on veganism. You see, I have been a vegetarian for 6½ years, and I agree that the slaughter of animals is wrong, but there is no doubt in my mind that humans can't survive healthy without depending on animal by-products. We need milk to survive, besides, if we do not milk cows, they will swell up and die. Also, they do not kill the cows for their milk. I respect vegans for caring so much, but the truth is, nothing will ever change, you can't escape it, so why bother. So respect your own life, don't eat meat, it's not good for you, but drink milk, it does a body good.

JaySXE
P.S. Gain some weight vegan!

Well jay, thanx for wasting your paper on a topic you seem to know nothing about. I'd like to point out your negative attitude of "nothing will ever change," then why the fuck do you even bother being a vegetarian? My reply to "humans can't survive without animal by-products," is, do you ever even leave your house? Look around, open your eyes, people have been doing it for years. Veganism is a very healthy diet if it is done correctly.



AND MAKE
YOU DANCE
FOR ME
LIKE AN
OCTOPUS
IN SALT
WATER!

WHEN I
SEEN YOUR
SKIN
BACK ON,
YOU'LL
BE
HIDEOUS!

YOU TOO!
JUST WAIT!
YOU'LL HAVE
AN EVEN
MORE
HORRIBLE
FACE!

I'M GOING
TO RIP
YOUR FLESH
OFF AND
TURN YOU
INSIDE
OUT!

THEN
I'M
GOING
TO RIP
OUT ALL
YOUR
HAIR--

Here we go again, I'm off throwing my shirt onto the floor, cutting my veins and letting you taste my blood. My hands are at rest by my side as the blood runs down my leg. Soak the soaping mess up with your arteries. How about I just rip out my heart and show it to you. Will that ease the pain or condone it. Is it ok to kill it or make it hurt more.

boodler

my guts burn you set them ablaze when you pulled them out



pic: the unknown girl

Cows do not have to be milked to survive. Do you really think that they were created to depend on humans? No, I don't think so. Explain how they survived before man discovered how to exploit them, when they could only depend on themselves. Do you really think that cows are somehow liberated after they've been milked? No, they are shipped right to the slaughterhouse. Finally, milk is not good for you, it's packed with cholesterol, and fat. Tell that to your doctor.

Jay, Don't be so confident to tell people where they're wrong until you know the actual facts. GO VEGAN!

P.S. I was skinny before I even became a vegetarian, so fuck off oppressor! GO VEGAN!GO VEGAN!GO VEGAN!GO VEGAN!GO

Regarding the word **OPPRESSOR** in the passage above:I am not calling JaysXE an oppressor because of his diet. It was simply a term I chose to use that was basically in contrast of statement **GAIN SOME WEIGHT VEGAN**. The word oppressor was not directed at anyone else. Thank You.

VEGAN VEGAN VEGAN

pic: joe roe

Snapcase

SOUTSTICE



pic: kris qua

**NO FREEDOM
1 OUT
OF
EVERY 4
WOMEN
IS
RAPED
IN AMERICA**

[illegible]

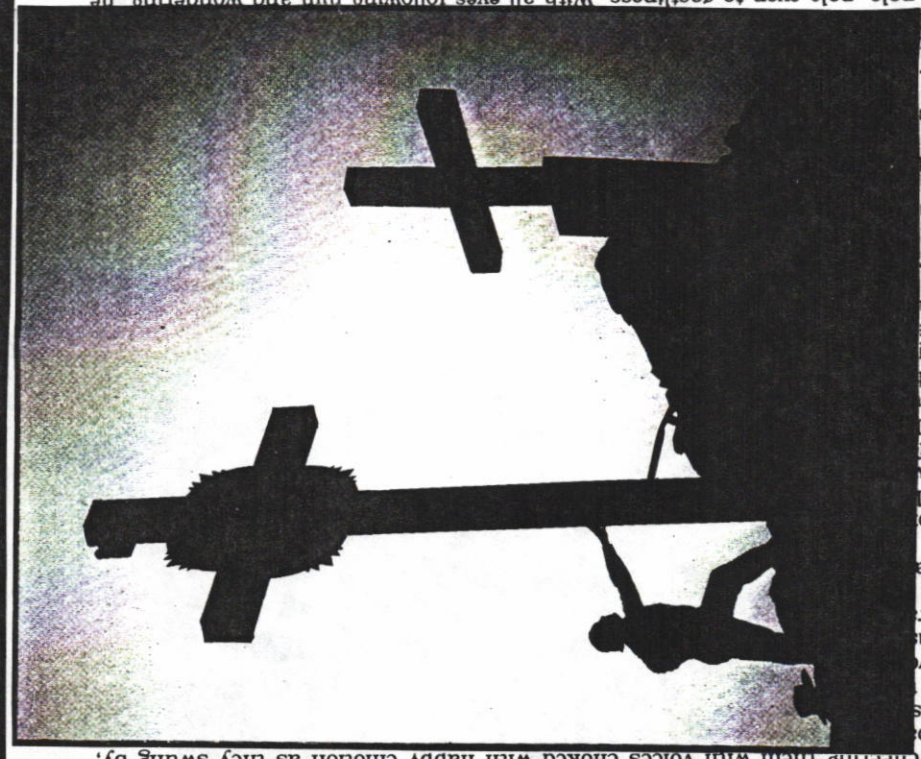
Hate

Hatred. It's said over and over again, but nothing ever changes. I still hate you just like yesterday. I question if this hate will build up enough, that I'll go right off of a fucking cliff, or will I love you, and consider you my friend. Fuck you! You give me no reason to love you, just another reason to hate. You make me feel like a fucking slave. You give me a nauseous cramp in my abdomen. When I think of you I get queasy. You'll never change. No more putting me off. I hate you.



It all came out as a blur. Years of not knowing brings me to my own demise. Risking falling, not to save myself, but to save you. Can you see that? I'm holding on as tight as I can. It may look a bit risky, but I will pull you up. I know I'm strong enough, but you must work with me. If I am ever in your situation, I will not lose hope in you, but hold on tighter. Just keep holding on, and it won't fail. I know I only have three chances to pull you up, and I am using my chance to save you. Three chances till I fall. I won't fail, for I have you to hold on to. Please don't let go. I'll die.

there's something about born again christians, ok so you're saved from what? i think you just realize you've been bad and this is your excuse to change. your identity is lost while you grab into space. you're having a crisis of faith to who you are. you should be sacrificed on the altar of demons, re-born with new faith to under go my fortunes. but aren't we



of great and exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on east burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bay toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and sputtering; on ar down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a flutter of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide and fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers and mothers and sisters and cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion as they swung by: The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside - which pale, pale even to gasliness. With all eyes following him and wondering, he with shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued his moving at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, "Bless our arms, grant u of our land and flag!" The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside - which

all the demands, taking lives. you display yourself to an undefined future while you speak in mimicks of ancestors. what is this crap you push out born again christian. what is crap in religion so forceful for learned behavior to be abolished by myths and legends.

the few,

the proud,



the dead.

THE CRISIS



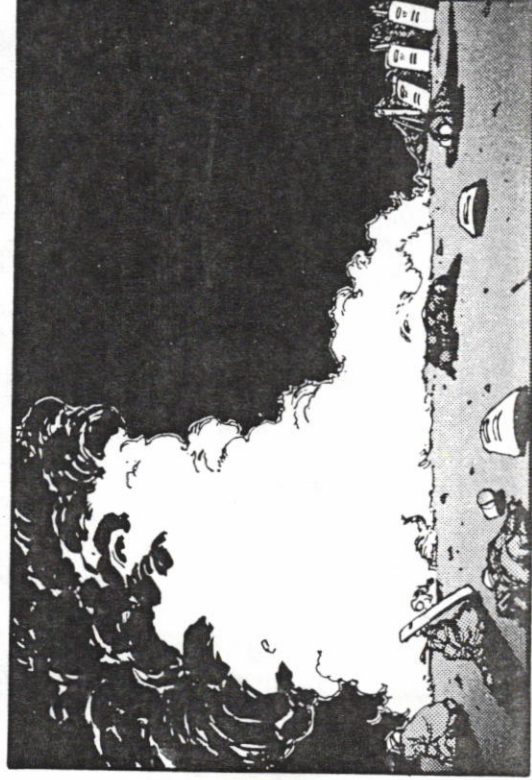
and fast the sand from the hourglass on my lounge, the sand stained from around
the sand from the hourglass on my lounge, the sand stained from around

stifles



my heart
shattered as
i frolicked
through
the painless
window
for which
my cell

beckons me. fallen embers which hold my body
now deteriorates into the black hole in my
heart. everything i hoped for and dreamed, now
flourishes on one week. the last week of truth
for which my justice will settle. my only life
now rests on the pedestal while the jury gives
my verdict



my body will
not rest until
my soul is
set free.

WIKON



Why do I let my anger build up so much that I just wanna rip my fucking hair out? Why am I such a pussy that I can't just say fuck you, you make me sick. I'm so tired of kissing your ass, and you just kicking me back in mine. Why do I even bother. I figure that if I lick your fucking nuts long enough, maybe I'll get a little bit of consideration back. Well I've learned. Fuck you! I'm over trying. Don't expect it anymore. You can hate me. I'll enjoy it. It'll make me hard.

YOUR GOD
IS MY
ENEMY.

SO BEG
ALL YOU
WANT.

"Many times I want to kill myself."

Snighton

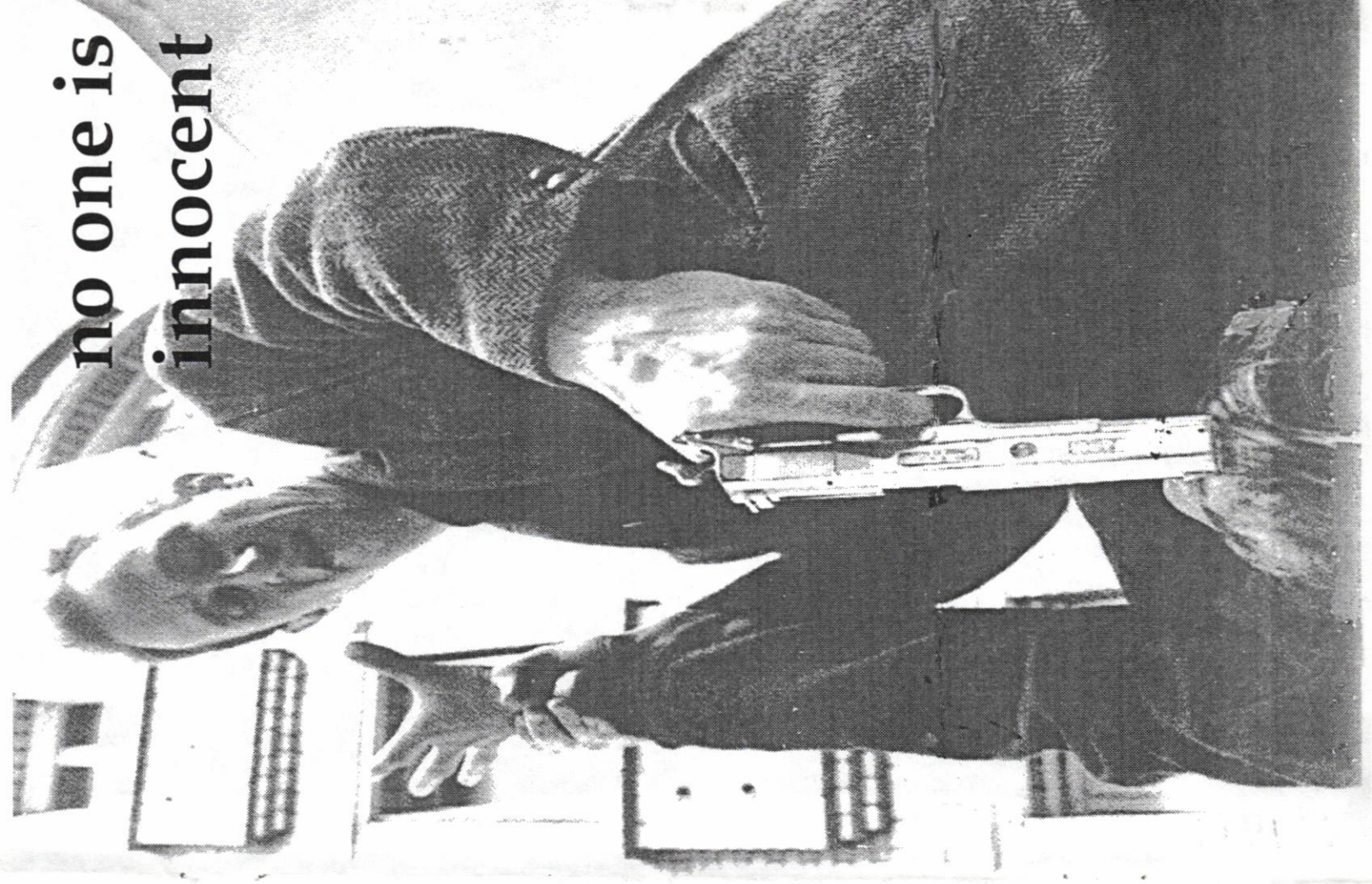
send two stamps for new
1491 boyston #6
02245
Boston ma

But I told myself I have to fight

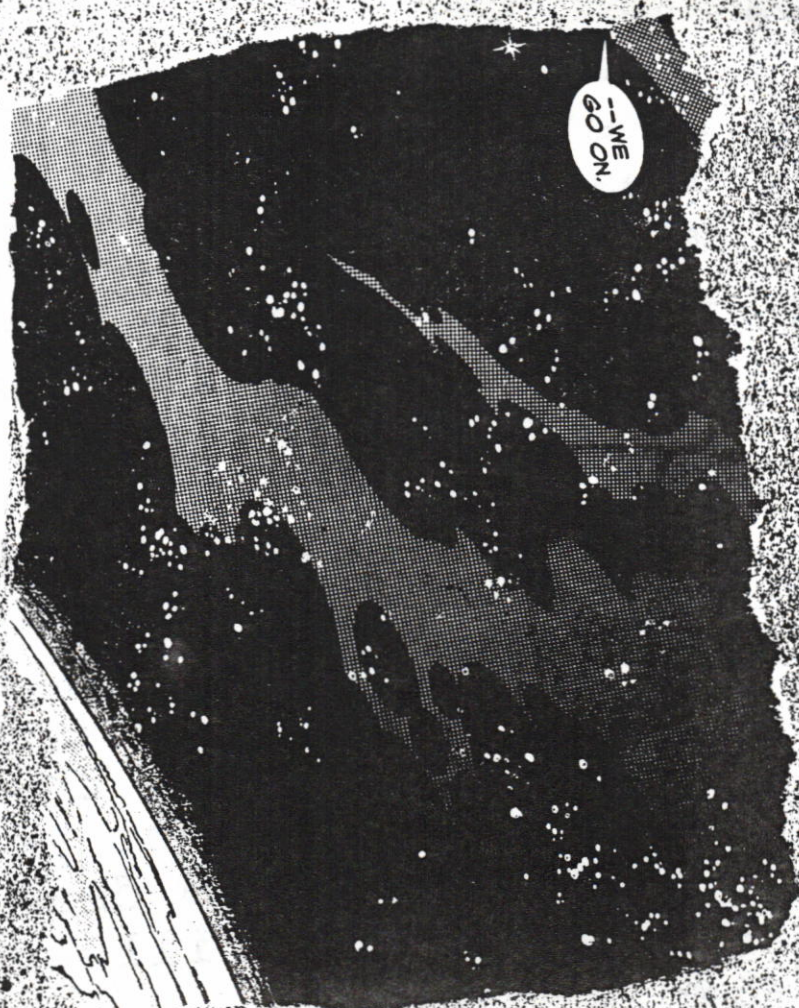
the tables have turned on forces greater than the high plat form you rest. i once was the hunter, but now am the hunted. playing a game of false lies. dodging your bullets as if they were dropps of rain. a killer you rest in a puddle covered in the mist. a hunter you watch as i hide. a wrong move means a shot in my head. a bullet with my name. we both play along with my last wish, of cold blood i dream of in the night. i am your prey. the hunted become the hunters. thinking so easily of pain and starvation i could create. i rest my soul on the mountain of wishes. unbroken my spirit lays glued to my bones. this world in flames. the truth is only an arm's reach away. the chains that bare me down hold on no more. now the tables turn once again. it's time to inflict the pain you so deserve. dodging bullets once more in the dark. taking my last wish. i am the hunter at last taking vengeance for myself.

gun control means hitting what you aim at
(i saw this on the back of a ford truck, W.T.)

no one is
innocent



I sit here in disgust looking at you, you make me want to spit on you, you make me sick. Fuck you! I hate you, you only make life worse, you're so fucking fake. the way you act is killing me, you try and try to be so different, but you act like everyone else, no different, just another silent voice in the crowd. Different ideas? Do you even have your own ideas, or are your ideas what's inside their heads? How are they your ideas? You're no different...And so we go on.



A million knives come cutting down. Falling out of the sky like a furious rain storm. Charging down to kill, angels spread their wings to cast death upon us and take our souls away. I leap into the forest hoping my death that awaits isn't painful. The evil I created sends me to a more peaceful place. We are the demons in this world. We aren't imaginary and we aren't crazy. We are the demons killing and torturing. How much evil will it take to show you how serious it is. Mass murdering society where we all have bad blood. We're all conditioned that this is known as earth our heaven and we should feel glad to be here. For your apathy and your insolence, your downfall is beckoning. I ease you into your death bed. A prayer for your re-birth. Atonement for your sins cannot be reached by mere words. A cast must be molded for every-



once broken it's
Some how you
have the power
Well you got
c o m i n
because I'm not
time thinking of
I can see right through the skin. I've cut it so deep there's no turning back. There's nothin' left but a bunch of human shrapnel and you're gonna be left cleaning it off the pavement. And you stand guilty of crimes and you ask why you haven't recieved your judgement. You selfish piece of shit.
Only now I see your mask you've kept on so tightly. Now I only beg for mercy and plead for my forgiveness so the knives will not cut me.

Time to lay down our weapons and share a tear

I have few regrets, but some I cannot forget. Does it really mean that much? Obviously there is some reason it hurts me. It wasn't important. Why was I so blind? I will dwell on it for the rest of my life, unable to forget the mistake I had made. Is it possible to erase this from my past? I doubt it, because it will haunt me until the day I'm dead. If only I was still pure.

sex.

love?

greed.

lies.

pain.

zine reviews

-Out Structured #3-1/2 size zine, really cool layout, and lots of neat writings, poetry, etc. Plus an Undertow interview. This is a zine everyone should have a copy of. 1\$

(P.O.Box 403 Lee's Summit, MO 64064)

-Woodbox #4-1/2 size zine, this has got to be the most emotional zine that I've ever read, It brought me to tears. It seems like he put every little feeling inside of him on paper. This is a must! 1\$

(7 Carol Ave. Apt.#5 Brookline, MA 02146)

-Brave New World #2-1/2 size zine, lots of commentary, and writings, and a look inside "Al" to find out what he thinks. Lots of neat art. This is a go-getter! 1\$

(P.O.Box 252 N.Kingstown, R.I. 02852-0252)

-Holocaust #3-Full size zine. Professional magazine type layout. Commentary, and editorials on veganism, and abortion. 2\$

(127 Harvard Pl. Syracuse, NY 13210)

-Engine of Lies #1-1/2 size zine. The cover of this zine says it all, the cover is fucking awesome, so is this zine. Interviews with Guilt, and World's Collide. Song explanations from Farside, and Mouthpiece. Plus a cool Strife insert. 1\$

(P.O.Box 6801 Thousand Oaks, CA 91359)

pic: kris qua

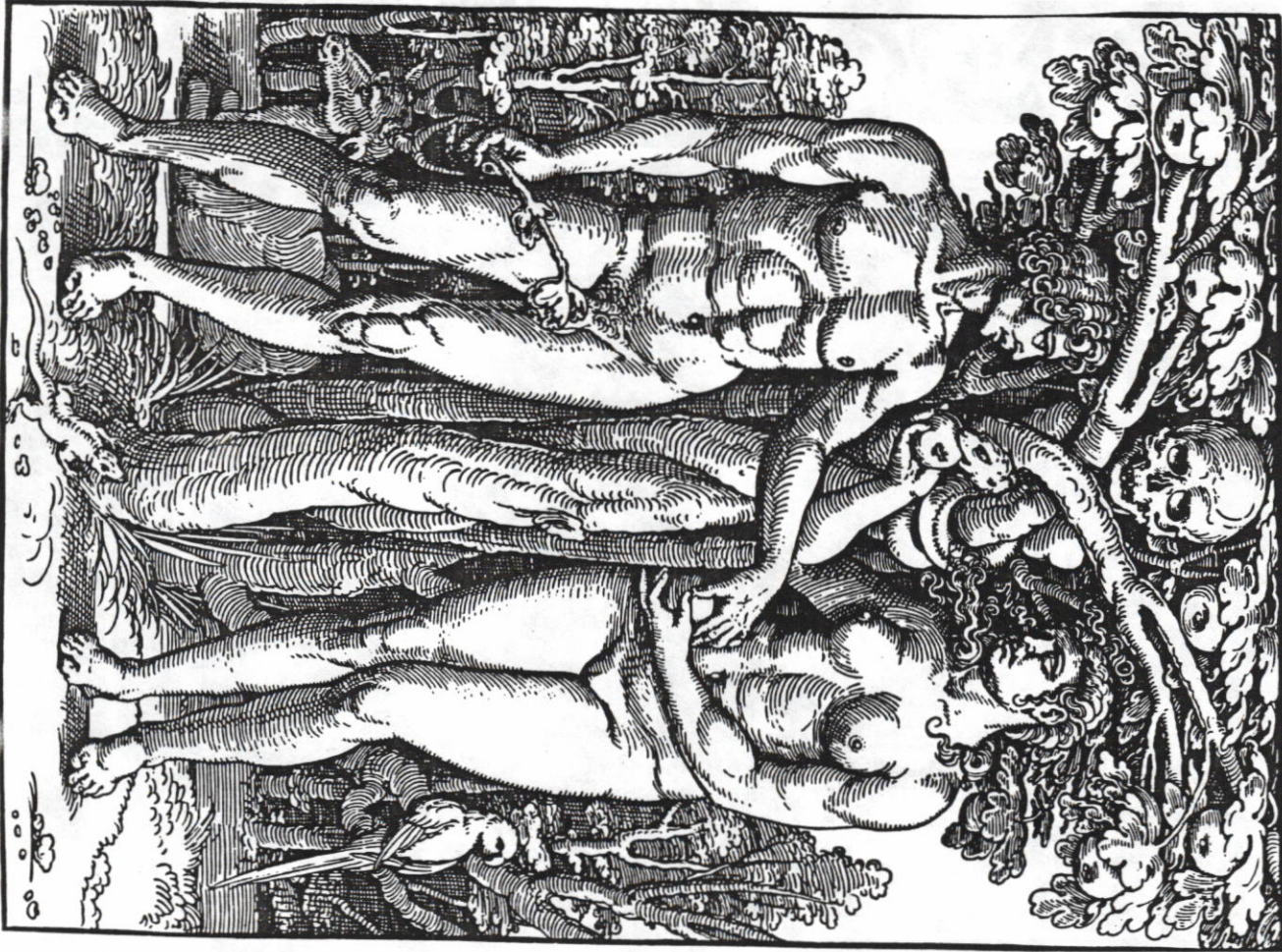


(main pic) and Reservoir Dogs


DARK HOUR

The


SOULSTICE



i hope you hate this. i hope this goes in your head over and over again. i hope you burn. i hope you rot. i hope this turns into an anoying lulaby that you can here from five hundred miles away. i want you to feel this. i want you to plug your ears and scream, but the sound won't go away. even in your dark little pit it will still exist just like that bad tune that pops in to your head. it won't go away, not this time. this time it will last forever. you'll die in misery. but it still won't go away, its just not that easy. as long as its remembered, it'll exist. i'll make sure of it.



It's all over now. And fuck you, and fuck you. No more games, no more threats. Maybe you'll see me again. Maybe I'll fucking die. Maybe you'll think you love me, maybe you'll hate. Well you know, I don't give a shit. Its time to look after something else besides you. Its time to take back my fucking life. I can no longer put up with your selfishness. I spit on your pity, and fuck your lousy guilt trip. It won't work. I have no sympathy.



my mind has cleared for an empty thought. thoughts of destrution, thoughts of the earth on fire, falling into darkness, lost. the poisoned oceans and the lands in decay, our own destruction forced by selfishness, created by hate and oppression. as i watch the feilds and streams die, my eyes get harder to open. i stand in awe as i burn while my insides shatter and spill inside of me. what will be left after the ecocide, the destruction of ourselves and the earth. i alway can hear laughter and remarks about what's happening. it's an unforseen future. as the clouds turn from white-grey to pitch black, a declaration has been set forth for our future. my soul increases with flames of complicity as the generation for which i live is torn down. we all rest on our high rocks, our pedestols, where we all fall into the emptyness we created. i plan to sew my eyes shut to never see this world again. to never see what has become of what never should have been. my world that is shared is now taken by hatred and all the things that onced clinged now die. if there was a so called "god" for the explanation for our existence, i don't think he would be able to stop us from destroying ourselves and our future. i can always have that picture of the garden of eden stuck in my head to fill it with beauty. but what's the reality of the situation? is it the peaceful and content oceans, trees and animals so relaxed from civilization or is it where we are killing and destroying everything in sight. as fire falls from the sky my bodie lays in ash. as the unseen holocaust destroys us all, ripping through mountains, killing cities, all hope is abandoned where we once had a future.

well this is it, the last page
save your tears until next
issue when we again share
our blessing of our tortured
life and compare our zine
to others already out. yes
this is it no more silly stories
your mom will read to you
from this phamphlet and
discard your already pathetic
life while you x up to go to
taco bell. *justin*

second nature fanzine



issue number one
out spring 1994.
interviews with
Restrain, Nick
Owen, and
Conquer the
World Records.

P.O. BOX 11543
KANSAS CITY, MO
64138

TWO DOLLARS POST PAID

out structured

HEARTH CRISIS

DEMONS DESCENDED

PIC: ANSLEY

UPON THE LANDS.

THEY DESTROYED

THE

PARADISE

hourglass

This is to split the zines, if you don't like it, wipe your ass w/ it!